

Of Ash and Dust by Usiel21

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Summary: In a World about to be consumed by fire, Mike and Eleven spend those final moments together.

Of Ash and Dust

August 12th 1985

Mike and Eleven fled into the basement of Mike's house, their hands were clasped together, neither one of them loosening in their grip on the other, as they hurried and stumbled down the stairs into the Wheelers Basement. A horrible wailing filled the air every few seconds, as it heralded the doom that was about to befall them.

Mike knew the sound very well, it was traditionally used as the Tornado warning siren for the state, Indiana was very prone to Tornado's so from a young age he could hear them every so often as a drill or for an Actual tornado but these sirens now signalled a different type of doom.

Its pitch was deeper and the wailing of the siren was shorter. The two of them huddled together in one of the corners of the basement, He knew what was coming, what was about to destroy their lives, the lives that they had fought tooth and nail to have, he had learned about it School, duck and cover, somewhat pointless and ineffective.

Mike looked down to Eleven, her eyes were closed tight and her face was pressed into his chest in a vain effort to drown out the sirens, in that moment he knew how much he loved her, a fog that once covered his eyes was now lifted and things, oh so many things had now become clear to him. Things that he wanted for the both of them, a future now that was to be cut short by fire and ash.

Silent tears rolled down his cheeks, from outside people could be heard screaming in panic as they tried to find shelter, any form of shelter that could protect them from the impending Apocalypse, cries, shouts and even gunshots rang out as some people saw no way out apart from that at the end a gun's barrel. Mike closed his eyes as he drew in Eleven to him, holding her close.

His hands made their way up to her hair and he marvelled at the softness of her curls, El looked up to him as he did this, unshed tears in her eyes as they both looked at each other, drinking in each others face and features. Silence enveloped them, words were not needed,

not now and even if they did say anything what was there to say? What could they say?

Even now in these final, pivotal precious moments that they had, their loved burned brighter than the fires that were about to engulf them, he pressed a silent kiss to her forehead, his lips lingered there for a few seconds, savouring it. El closed her eyes not allowing those unshed tears to fall, she would not let them.

The Sirens still rung outside, never failing, never faltering, never finishing. Their eyes locked once more, Mike felt his mouth go dry as he as he tried to find the words that he desperately wanted to say to her

"El? I... I.. lov" Mike began but Eleven pressed a finger to his lips to silence him, the words remained unspoken but she knew what he wanted to say.

"Ssshhh" she whispered barely audible "I Know Mike, I have always known" she said, her brown eyes piercing his. Mike smiled sadly at her and just held her closer to him, never wanting to let her go.

"How?" he asked

"Because I feel the same" she said looking at him, eyes saying more than words ever could

Their lips pressed together hungrily, pouring everything into it, their love, their loyalty, their devotion, their pain and sadness, their commitment to each other and only each other. They slowly broke apart, shuddering and drawing in air.

"Do you promise?" he asked quietly.

She looked up at him, his eyes searching hers.

"Promise" she said, the oath as sacred to them as the feelings they shared for each other.

She rested her head under his chin and Mike squeezed his eyes shut tightly, the screams grew louder, more frantic, the ground shook hard like that of an earthquake and an intense bright light filled the

basement bathing everything in its deadly ray. Mike could feel the light burning into his eyelids, Mike and El grasped each others hand into a death grasp. Facing the end together.

Even at the end of all things there was no place that either of them would rather be than by each others side.

Then the shockwave tore through them.

Mike and Eleven knew no-more.

The World fell silent as it plunged into darkness.

Communism did not win.

Democracy did not win.

Nobody won, all that was left was a devastated world.

A world of ash and dust

A Nuclear winter set in, a world devoid of sunlight as radioactive flakes lingered and fell through the air, a bitter and biting cold was left in its place. Trees had become barren and dead, no longer sporting luscious green leafs nor did they rustle in a gentle summers breeze. Radioactive slime oozed over every surface storms of red lightning occurred from time to time, concealing the gargantuan creatures within its red flashes of energy.

Buildings lay dilapidated, in ruin, they stood silently as a testament to world before it fell into the abyss of chaos, destruction and nuclear fire.

This was a world of monsters and demons.

Two creatures walked side by side upon this toxic Earth, with no visible features for a face, other than the mouth that would expanded like that of a flower. The grey scaled skin glistened despite the lack of light, usually a creature of solitude, a lone hunter. These two travelled together.

The hunters never strayed far from each other. Killing other hunters

of it kind, they prowled this rotten world. Always together.

Even in this world of ash and dust.

(A/N) Had to get this out as the idea literally came to me and it seemed quite haunting plus I have writers block currently on Beauty of Annihilation. But the chapter is getting there slowly.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!